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W. L. W. RILEY TRIAL JUSTICE,

a prayer seek the forgiveness of the Al Residence in Fork of Ediste, nighty; but it was of no avail. He \_LL BUSINESS ENTRUSTED will be compily and carefully attended to, alv 23 either could not or would not hear her, and the girl, weeping bitterly and with

Hanging a Maniac.

walk, was compelled to go away without having accomplished her mission. At ten o'clock Father Driscell, a Roman PITIFUL SCENES OF THE EXECUTION. Catholic priest, entered the prisoner's cell, followed by the latter's friends. Joseph Waltz, who was hung at Cats The priest read the burial service of the kill, N. Y., on Friday, for the murder Church, but did not administer sacra ot Joseph Holeher, a scissors-grinder, ment, as he did not believe Walts was and who, only on the day preceeding in a fit state of mind to receive it. his execution, mashed in the skull of When the funeral service was over, the the keeper placed in the cell to watch prizener's arms were stoutly pinioned. him, was undoubtedly a maniae, a and the procession was formed for the a maniac, however, whom it woul have march to the seaffold, which was ercoted been dangerous to allow at large, and in the northeast corner of the upper who would have been an unsafe inmate floor of the jail. Father Driscoll led the even for an insane asylum. In his con way: then came Sheriff Coonley with fession of the murder of Holcher he Waltz, and Constable Witcomb and the states that his victim came to the house jury who had pronounced the verdict on of his (Waltz's) father to pass the the doomed man brought up the rear. night. The evening was spent in plea The noose was at once adjusted on the sant conversation, and after all had gone prisoner's neck. After the usual pre to bed, young Waltz, as his confession liminary coremonies of reading the death states, was seized with an uncontroll warrant, and prayer by Father Driscoll, able impulse, which he took for the the prisoner was asked if he had any prompting of an evil spirit to kill the thing to say. There was no respense German. He opened his Testament to A shudder of horror at this instant read, but soon laid it down and "resisted seemed to pass through the frames of the spirit until it overcame him." He all present, for, as some said, they felt then went out of doors and got a hatchet that they were about to see a lunatio and crept softly into the guest's room. hanged. But at the thought of the Another struggle of conscience against keeper, Charles Ernest, who lay un the murderous impulse took place, but conscious in an adjoining room from it was too feeble and he killed the old injuries received at alta's hands, the man in his sleep. He says in a subse feeling of sympathy which had been quent confession, "I struck very hard momentarily excited spent itself. The but I seemed to have no strongth." He black cap was then pulled over the face then buried the corpse, and broke the of the dosmed man, who gave not the scissors-grinder's poor apparatus to slightest indication of consciousness of pieces and buried and hid the fragments. the proceedings, and then, at 10:16 the He committed so many follies as to fatal cord was pulled. At the recoil of attract suspicion to himself, and after the body, the noose slippe I round to the he was arrested he took the officers to back of the head. Apparently, there the place where the body was buried, was little suffering, for after two or three and made a voluntary confession of the convulsive contractions of the fingers, crime. He felt no remorse for what he the whole frame hung motionless. had done and no fear as to his own fate. In fourtoon misutes the body was cut His family were too peor to employ able down. Just before this was done Anselm Waltz, the father of Joseph, counsel to defend him, and he was form victed. His execution was delayed for who was present, and, with deep emo some time, and Gen'l Dix made some tion, pointing at the daugling remains effort to gain information as to his mental condition. He was satisfied that Waltz was not so insane ar to be moral ly irresponsible, and therefore refused to interfere with the execution of his scatence. On Thursday Waltz gave another terrible proof of his homicidal madness. He had been violent all day, and some time before had threatened the life of his keeper, Charles Ernest, But the latter did not believe in his

His confidence proved his rain, for

about two o'clock, as he was lying on a

lounge in the cell, Waltz attacked him

with an iron bar he had torn from the

floor and erushed his skull in several

places. He possessed himself of the

victim's revolver and keys, but made no

effort to escape. Having gratified his

murderous impulse, he sat down on the

floor in the corner, growling and mutter

ing like a wild beast. He made no

resistance to the jailers who came in and

chained him, with tardy decision and

sugacity. Ernest was a general favorite

in the village, and there was a momen

Sheriff succeeded in preventing it.

tary attempt to lynch his slayer, but the

Up to the moment of the execution.

the conduct of the doomed man did not

differ from what it had been since he

was first arrested. He muttered, or

rather growled, and most of the time he

was crouched silently in a corner. He

stared vacantly at his keepers, and

would answer no questions. At 9

o'clock his mother was led into his cell

It was thought that she might bring

him to a consciousness of his position.

but those who held this belief were dis

appointed. For a few minutes after she

entered he continued gazing at the wall.

His expression was then that of an utter

idiot, and lacked even the slightest gleam

of intelligence. Suddenly, and without

relaxing his gaze at the wall, he gave a

fierce, hoarse howl, sprang to his feet

and seized his mother by the hand in a

threatening manner. The officers had

anticipated mischief, and Constable

Whitcomb, who was watching the pri

soner's movements, forced him to loos;

his hold on his mother, and the lady at

once retired, grief-stricken at her son's

The most pitiful soone of the day,

however, was the visit of Waltz's sister

to his cell. She pleaded with him long

and with deep religious fervor, beseach

ing him to acknowledge his crime and

sad condition.

of his son, "Can anybody who looked upon that body say he was not insane i Shortly after the body of Waltz had been cut down, six physiciaus entered his cell and proceeded to hold a post mortem examination. They found the neck broken. They then trepanned his skull, and on examining the brain found it to weigh fifty four ounces, a half ounce heavier than that of Daniel Webster, and fourteen ounces heavier than the average brain of a human being. All the organs were in a healthy condition, and the intellectual faculties were largely developed. The physician could discover nothing to indicate insanity. After the examination had been completed the brain was placed in liquor and will be taken to Alhany to undergo examination by experts of that

HIS LAST VICTIM STILL ALIVE—BURIAL OF THE CRIMINAL'S BODY.

Hudson, N. Y., May 2-Charles Ernest, the officer who was assaulted by Waltz, was alive at one o'clock this after noon, and was removed to his residence.

The body of Waltz was buried on the farm last night, the only persons in attendance being the father, mother, sister and a laborer.

The brain of Waltz was sent Albany to-day for scientific examination.

A funny incident happened at the Beston Theatre a few nights since Maggie Mitchell was playing "Fan chon.' In the third aut a scene was set in which a bridge began on the right of the stage down near the auditorium, ran directly to the rear, and thence along the whole width of the stage, which is perhaps the largest in the country. At the end of the act, after "Landry's" dialogue with "Fanchan," he runs off up the bridge, and when about to do this, and just as he took the first step on the bridge, the hero's trougers, which were of the baggy kind generally worn by stage peasants, fell down in the rear, and immediately a square yard of linea began to flutter in sight of the audience. 'Landry' folt what had befallen him, clapped his hands to the exposed place, and ran up and along the bridge as fast as his legs could carry him. For the first couple of seconds the audience hard ly could believe its eyes, but when the situation was fully appreciated there

was a perfect howl. Au old woman in Durban England , claims Brigham Young as her long lost husband. He deserted her and came to perves so unstruog that she could hardly America forty years ago.

The Hospital Trunk.

GOD AND OUR COUNTRY.

'What ! packing up? are you going a journey? I thought you one of the most persistent of all stayers at home, exclaimed Nellie Johnson when making a neighborly call she found her friend Mrs. Wilsen, busily engaged in arrang ing the contents of a small trunk.

'I am not preparing for a journey This is only my bospital trunk, that I have been given its semi annual looking

'And, pray, what may a hospital runk be ?'

'Just look at its contents a mortent and you will readily see why I gare it this name. In this corner, as you see, is a box of well prepared lint, and here close besides it, this other containing small bandages, varying in size from these suitable for a child's firger to those large enough for a man's hand or arm. Next comes this roll of larger bandages, some of which are large enough to pass around the body This bundle is made up of fa mel pieces for hot baths, and these are flannel bags for herb baths when required, and these small pieces are designed for custard draughts. Here are half a dozen quilt ed bags with a bit of tape rewed by, like a string to a farmers meal bag, for wrap ping het rocks, and these two large rolls cantain miscellaneous pieces of all sizes, the one of cotton and the other of wool en. Now you will see why I call it my

hospital trunk.'
'Certainly; but whatever put it into your head to have such an arrangement? was it the outgrowth of your own expe rience as a housekeeper?

'It could not be that, for I had it be fore I had been a housekeeper's month. You remember sunt Mary Dr. tee: what a large family she brought up and what an excellent housekeeper she tar On her first visit to me she brought this trunk, filled as you see. Some of these very pieces were in it then, though that was twenty years ago, most of them however have been removed, as occasion quited. On presenting it, she express ed a wish that I might never have to use it, 'though if you do not' said she, you may thank the Lord for better healt's than falls to the let of most families.' For two years I never opened it, except to take out and scald the flannels, as I do ever spring and fall. and if I thought of it at all, considered sick room paraphernalia when nobody was sick. Then came that dreadful ac cident when Charles fell with that fall ing building and was brought home with a leg broken and a hand and arm so crushed and bruised. The doctor was here almost as soon as he, and then I learned the value of Aunt Mary's

Since then there have been very few years that I have not been obliged to make use of some of its contents, till now I should hardly dare to go to sleep at night, if this trunk were not in order as well as a medicine closet in which I keep all sorts of simple remedies pare fully labeled.

'There seems to be nothing in it,' said Nellie, 'so expensive but that any one might have a like arrangement.'

'Certainly not; the value for any other use of anything here would not probably exceed fifty cents, but I can assure you that in case of accident or sudden illness it is invaluable.'

When Nellie Johnson bade her friend good day, and returned home, it was with the determination that when she had a house of her own as she expected to in a few months, one of the articles which should go to its furnishing should be a HOSPITAL TRUNK.

Josh Billings' Spice-hox.

Most every one luves to listen to a slander but there aint but phew but what despise the author uv it.

What a heartless world this would be f thare was no tears in it. Wize men are never surprised, while

phools are alwass wondering at every thing that happens. I meet a great many men whose

talk is like a bunch ov fire krackers when they are fust tutched onh, full ov pop for a few minutes, and then all

Without munny, without friends, and without impudence, iz about az low down in this world azenny man kan between two men who have no real ly hot. The parson, without allowing night, in order to harrow the sessitive get and keep virtewous.

reddy to swop old freinds for new The dog that will phollow everybody,

nint worth a kuss. When I play whist I always like a phool for a partner, for they do hold

sutch good hands. There iz nothing that a man is so cer toin ov as he iz ov what he sees, and Marshall. vet there is nothing after all that de-

ceaves him so often. I have had people set down bi mi side, and konfidenshally undertake to explain sum thing to me ov grate importance, and taking 48 minutes bi the watch, I not only didn't know what they

good deal that I knew before, Thare iz but little that iz new under the sun, and what is aint good for

One of the most perfect viktorys yu kan achieve over enny man iz to beat him in politeness.

The rarest article quoted in market just now is good common sense.

Yung man you had better be honest than kunnin, and it is hard work to be

After a man has passed the age of 57, about all he kan find to talk about and to brag on, iz that he has got more of White Oak, Ingham County, sticking pains and akes than enny of his na- to every farmer until he got his name

I kant tell exactly what's the mafter ov me, but i am alwass just a lectle shy few hours before. The farmer's wife of the woman who wears her hair kut was laid out and the husband and

The world at large judge ov us bi our

It ort to kure the pride of eany man when he refleckts that there aint no one fring out hat towes more to the world

To be familiar with every one and preserve your respect, and their esteem iz an evidence of the most remarkable

The great mistake that menny people iz to think that they was made before the world waz instead ov sines.

Tom Marshall.

A case in which a duel was prevent ed by one of the seconds, much to the disgust of the other, who happened to be a military man, may be related here It occurred during the extra session of Congress in 1841. Thomas E. Marshall invited three gentlemen to dine with him one stormy, dismal Sunday. One of the guests was an officer of the army from the South, who afterwards made something of a name during the rebell ion. The other two were connected with the press. An entertainment given by Tom Marshall before he joined the cold-water association was sure to be abundantly furnished with wine. Man shall and one of the newspaper men, who was from New Orleans, drank deep ly. They had been class-mates in col loge, and were on terms of familiar intimacy. A slight misunderstanding arose between them, and both being con siderably elevated, a harsh remark was made by the editor. Marshall inquired if he was responsible for what he had said. The reply was.

'Tom Marshall, you ought to know me too well to ask such a question.'

The party broke up rather suddenly and a short time afterward the editor brought to his friend of the press who was present at the dinner a challenge which he had just received from Mar shall, with an unconditional acceptance, asking him to deliver the reply, see the army officer, who was to act as Mar shall's second, and make arrangements for an immediate meeting. The friend of the editor was inexperienced in such matters, but he was impressed with the folly of a duel between two gentlemen on a misunderstanding at the dinner table, and determined to prevent a fight at all hazards. He held the acceptance until near the close of the following day, when he waited upon Marshall.

'You came, I presume, on behalf of Mr. — ?"

'Yes Sir.' 'You have been a develish long time

a getting here!" That is my fault intirely. Your challenge was accepted at once.'

'Let me have the acceptance, then, without further delay.' 'Here it is,' the gentleman replied

But I do not propase to deliver it at

ments into the fire. Marshall was much | contortions incident to such an occasion astonished, and inquired of the gentle man if he knew the responsibility he had assumed in so doing. The reply polite gentleman, quietly slipped it out was that he neither knew nor cared.

principal's place, and I presume you are er ministers, who, for the purpose of a prepared to take the consequence, said joke said,-

'Nonscense,' was the reply. 'I will neither let - meet you, nor will I fight you myself on any such rediculous quarrel. Now, what do you intend to do about it?'

Marshall finally burst into a laugh, and in less than an hour's time all the had been triing to tell, but had forgot a parties were taking a friendly drink at Godsby's. The army officer was inclined to make a scene, protesting against the irregularity of the whole proceeding, but there the difficulty ended .- An Old Stager, in Harper's Magazine for April.

A Good Canvasser.

A Central Michigan editor, whose death the Free Press chronicled only a few months ago, was probably as persis tent a man as over started out on a 'dun' or looked for new subscribers. He was once out on a jaunt in the township and money, and it so happened that he came to a house where death called a his children were grieving over her loss when the editor knocked at the door.

'What's up!' inquired the editor as he saw the farmer's solid countenance before him.

'My wife is dead,' replied the farmer. 'Is that so?' mused the editor a little 'Dropt 1 ... 'Did she die easy?'
'Dropt 1 ... 'mb',
'Did she say anything?'

'Not a word-just went right to sleep

'I didn't know,' continued the editor, a sad look on his face, but what she might have requested you to subscribe for the Cascade, which you know is the best paper in the country. If you want it I'll take your name right in, and under the circumstances I won't charge a cent for the obituary notice!"

The farmer hung off for a while, but before the editor went away he had two additional dollars in his pocket, and had cation in the next issue which the bereaved husband pronounced 'a mighty smart piece.' - Detroit Free Press.

Very Much Frightened.

A church in Prussia was used as a magazine for provisions for soldiers. but great care was taken of the high altar on account or the beauty of its construction. A rumor spread abroad that the altar was mysteriously illumiuated every nights, and throngs of people gathered about the church! The commandment ordered the key and with a lastern explored the church, but noth ing was found to clear up the mystery, but as soon as the church was empty the altar and whole church were again illuminated The commandant issued a proclamation offering a reward to any one who could unravel the mystery. For two days no one claimed the reward, but on the third a common soldier belonging to the fortress requested a private audience with the commandant, and explained to the him that he was occasionally employed to put frame s to mirrors and burning glasses, and one evening when at work at a large con cave glass it happened to be so placed as to throw a light into the church , when finding public curiosity excited he often threw the light from the attic to the altar. The commandant explained to the public and gave the promised reward to the joker !

## A Clerical Joke.

An anecdote is told of parson Shute, the first minister settled at South Hing ham, which for ready wit ought not to pass unrecordec. It appears that the reverend gentleman was very fond of pudding, so at a ministerial meeting one day, the hostess, in order to gratify the taste of her guest had pudding for dinner. Unfortunately it came very near the fire while it was cooking, so all. I will not be accessory to a duel that when it was served it was extreme the parlor until very late on Sunday cause of quarrell, and thereupon tore | it time to cool, placed a piece at once in | feelings of an envious neighbor into the Beware of the man who iz always the paper in pieces and threw the frag his mouth, and then followed the usual belief that she had really got a beau.

but all to no purpose. The pudding would not go, so the parson, who was a of his mouth and into his coat pocket, You have put yourself in your all of which was observed by his broth

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'So you are putting the pudding in your pocket, are you?'

'Oh, yes,' said the parson unmoved. I put a jittle piece in there merely to light my pipe with after dinner.

The explanation it is needless to add. was sufficient sitted bearanch to buings

The Rich Man Leaving's, asimple

Leelanders are begining to emigrate A friend said to me that a good man it

e named had left \$150,00, Classic life to I held up my hands, and said, What 11

The Charlotte Cherrer puts so'! the He looked surprised, and said What

do you mean?Lomen and a to not parento I mean just what I say, 'I replied and for surely it is a pity, when the man might have sent it on before him, that he should have left his \$150,000 behind

him for he will very likely, never hear

'I remember,' I said, by way of exact planation, that some years ago, as I was traveling, I loft my umbrella in the train; and when I found myself in the rain, minus my unbrella, I said instine tively, and felt it to. 'What a pity that I should " we been so stupid as to have left my lumbrella in the train." And it is surely a great pity that it should be said of Christian people, he or she has died and left an cormous amount of substance in the train of this world, after allowing for the most liber al interpretation of 1 Tim., vs. 8.

Increase of Crime.

tontio. correspondent at Harlin draws atin that city. A list of many of them being murder, committed during the months of November and December, has been published. None of the victims are rich, and most of hem belong to the poorest class. Thus, a workman was murdered for twenty thalers, a widow for a small sum of money which she had abouther; a cigar merchant was stabbed for 800 thalers. and so on. Some of these crimes, too, written out an obituary notice for publi were committed in broad daylight. They are not the work of practi hands, but of an ignorant, brutal class, demoralized by war and military life, and driven by misery to adopt murder as a profession. The police, meanwhile. appear to do nothing to protect the public. Some half dozen of these nine. ders have been committed during the last two months, but only in one case has the murderer been discovered.

> How to Raise Chickens .-- My ractice in raising chickens is, to take them from the hen, then dig up the soil and place the coop on the fresh dirt, then put the chickens back, and the hen will roll in the dust and get the lice off much better than on grass land. I have tried both ways, and find the fresh dirt much the best for the health of the hen and chickens. In some instances I have used hog's lard for greasing the hen's wings and the head of the chick, think ing it a good way to kill lice. That and the fresh dirt and the right kind of food have raised my chickens. The food I give, till they are three or four weeks old, is Indian meal mixed with sour milk. I let it stand one day after being mixed, then it will be fit for use, it bains swelled in the dish instead of the crop, otherwise it might result in death to the chick, for I have lost many by giving raw meal before it was soaked and swelled properly. After they have been cooped up a few days, I let them out to take the air, but shut them up nights and rainy days, for chickens cannot endure very wet weather .- Cor. N. E. Farmer.

If twenty seven inches of snow gives three inches of water, how much milk will a cow give fed upon turnips? Mul. tigly the flakes by the hair on the cow's tail, then divide the product by a turnip add a pound of chalk, multiply the whole by the pump, and the total will be the auswer.

A young lady in Gloucester is charge ed with keeping her light burning in